

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

This Picture will Please Ronald Maslin

HERE is a picture which should please Yeoman of Signals Ronald Maslin. It brings greetings and good wishes from his mother and sisters and other members of family at 274, Chichester Road, Portsmouth.

First, from your Mother, Ron. Need we say that you are always in her thoughts? She showed us a little verse she came across which exactly expresses the sentiments of those at home for the lads who are away. Maybe, she will send it on to you, so perhaps we need only quote two lines, which say:

"You will be in our conversation, though you are not taking part.
Your name upon our lips and thoughts of you within our heart."

We hope that our photographer's good fortune in getting Corporal Albert Blake into the picture with Michael (aged 15 months) will also be a pleasant surprise. It must be quite eight years since you saw Albert, and your sister, Mrs. Edna Blake told us he is looking

forward to a family reunion, when you can have that belated drink together!

That will be the time to "Roll out the Barrel," especially if your other brother-in-law, P.O. Telegraphist Jack Briggs, should be home at the same time!

By the way, what do you think of your youngest nephew, Michael? We believe this is the first photograph you have seen of him. You'll find him a bright little chap when you meet him for the first time.

Your other nephew, Ronald, is growing up into a fine lad. His mother, Mrs. Joan Briggs, keeps a strict eye on him, but she told us of the fun you used to have together, and there is no doubt that Ronald is looking forward to some more romps when you get back to Pompey again.

Mrs. Maslin and the girls were able to get a nice Christmas tree for the youngsters, with some toy soldiers and a toy submarine, but, of course, it was nothing like the Christmas you are going to spend when peace is proclaimed and the whole family is home again.

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

THANKS a lot for the tip about the Leeds and District Naval Association, L/S R. Shaw—I have been in touch with Secretary G. Robinson, and we will, I am sure, be able to co-operate.

I quote the letter received this morning:

"The Association was formed in 1928 to bring together the men who had served in the Senior Service, and later, the Merchant Navy.

"We had a fair measure of success at first, but owing to a club failure, our numbers dwindled, but we still kept the flag flying. Our membership is increasing now, and we hope when the war is over, and the lads are home, to stage a real comeback.

"We meet every Friday at 7.30, we have a private room at the Fenton Hotel, and have occasional Saturday Concerts when the members bring their wives. No subscriptions are due from any Active Service member, and we shall be glad to see any "Townie" when on leave."

THANK you, trumppers, for the flattery—we are delighted that you like "Good Morning" and the paste-down pictures I sent you.

Your request for a picture of the King and Queen was an easy one; if you don't like the one you get, send it back and we'll try again.



Max, baby son of Lieut.-Commander H. R. B. Newton, D.S.C., R.N., was christened on board his father's submarine by the Rev. Martin Bulstrode, Chaplain, R.N.V.R.

LATEST request for a copy of the H.M.S. "Forth" page comes from Leading Signaller R. Wisker, of H. Neth. M. Submarine 024. The pictures have been sent to Edmonton, Mr. Wisker. I hope you will soon be following it home.

I also remember my visit to "Forth." What can I say but "here's to the next time"?

FIRST thing I did after opening your letter, Leading Seaman G. Calvert, was to pop over to Winnie's pub for a sniffer. It is really gracious of you to be so generous in your appreciation. Although we always ask for comment on unpopular items in "Good Morning," we are naturally

very glad to hear that the paper on the whole is well-received. Thanks a lot.

Your request for a picture of Easington, County Durham, has been answered by the Picture Editor, who advises that a photograph appeared in "Good Morning" 578. If you can't get a copy let me know.

We don't seem to have any available for a trip to your home town, but one day we hope to be able to give you a news round-up. Thanks for the list of likely contacts anyway.

Too bad I can't pass on your greetings to Al Male; you will probably have seen by this time that Al died suddenly a few months ago.

Thanks for the personal greetings from "Severn." The same goes for you all, too.



The centre of attraction. of addresses over there we will send someone over for a tour. Has anyone an address for that trip?

Ron Richards

Sunday Thought

Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.

But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.

This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

SEEMS we filled the bill for you, Stoker R. Henry. How come that you should get in first? Don't any other stubborn guys fancy our Scottish cuties?

I have written under separate cover in answer to your query. It's up to you now, pal. Good Hunting.



AB CHARLES LARTER, residing temporarily at H.M.S. "Adamant," thanks our Birmingham correspondent for the pictures of his mother. Some spare prints are on the way, Charles. If you want any more, scribble a post card.

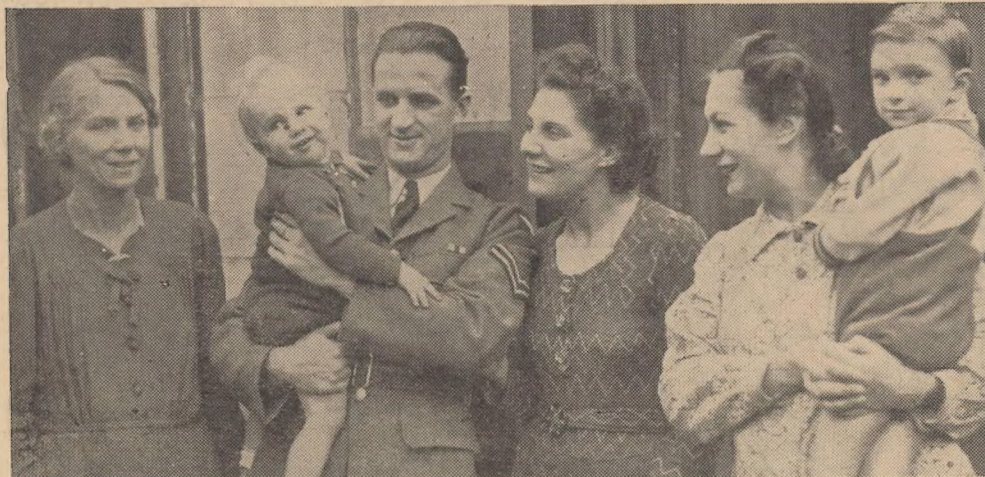
Can't quite say when we can get to the Isle of Man, but rest assured that when we get a list

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



The World goes by his Lighthouse Window

WILLIAM Fairweather, Principal Keeper of a famous on "D minus 1" Day. Many of Lighthouse, in the interview with Derek Alexander, tells of life in a stone oasis.

As each new section of the invasion front opens up, I can see it all happening from my parlour window.

From the circular living-room in my lighthouse, I have had an orchestra stall view of the war ever since the days when Heinkels used to power-dive low and try machine gunning the fuel tanks of my light.

I have lived through all the German bomber nights when I was powerless to prevent my lighthouse being a beacon for the Luftwaffe on their way to blitz inland towns. Now the air traffic is in the other direction and lighthouses off the enemy coast, still shining brightly because of international agreement, are beacons to guide British bombers through the night skies.

I saw part of the huge Merchant Navy convoy of one thousand ships manned by 50,000 volun-

An orchestra stall view of the war is claimed by William Fairweather, Principal Keeper of a Famous Lighthouse, and something of what he has seen is here told to DEREK ALEXANDER

chapter of this rescue through my binoculars. I could see the dinghy riding on the crest of the waves and the distressed airmen firing their last cartridge as a signal, while the Wellington was overhead guiding a high-speed rescue launch towards them.

There was one time when my dawn watch was enlivened by the roar of a Walrus rescue aircraft taxiing right by my lighthouse! The pilot, now a famous Wing Commander, who has been decorated with the D.F.C., went out to search for a Fortress crew reported down in the sea. He took the complete crew of ten on board and owing to the heavy load could

off Britain have been without relief for weeks at a time.

Formerly there were two keepers only in British lights, but now the authorities insist that every isolated lighthouse shall have at least three keepers in constant residence, and we work a watch system. This really was the result of a tragic event that happened at the Smalls Lighthouse off St. David's Head on the Welsh coast.

A long succession of gales isolated the lighthouse so completely that no relief ship could approach it. Passing vessels reported that the lamp was still burning and that a man was standing upright in one corner of the gallery, with a flag of distress flying from the mast above him.

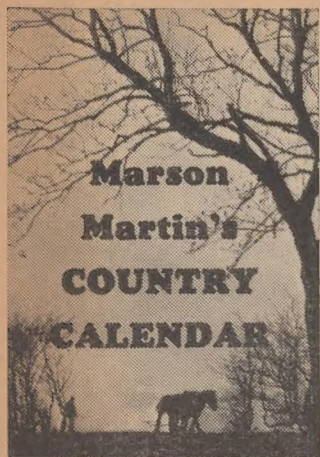
When at last a lull came and a cutter managed to reach the lighthouse, it was found that the erect figure in the gallery was the corpse of one of the keepers, who had died and had been lashed in position by his companions who had not dared to bury the body for fear they might have been suspected of murdering the man.

The Luftwaffe as well as the R.A.F. used to anchor floating rescue buoys off shore. These were all marked on air maps, and crews in distress were given instructions to paddle their dinghys towards these buoys.

One evening, just at dusk I saw a dot on the horizon and studied it through my binoculars. It grew bigger and soon I saw that it was a Nazi rescue buoy which had broken loose. A Luftwaffe pilot was clutching the iron rail and waving for help.

I had a few anxious moments because it was possible that the men aboard the buoy were armed and they might have tried to tie up by my light and steal the stores, but the Luftwaffe men in distress were rescued just in time—by a high-speed launch of the Royal Navy.

From my parlour window it is just 70 miles to the nearest section of the invasion front—the "beginning of the end." The constant stream of air traffic makes it a bit difficult for us to sleep when off watch. The rumble of troop carriers and freight aircraft is non-stop.



SUCCESS AT NEWMARKET: RECIPE

SUCCESS at Newmarket depends upon holding are only four, and in this case it is not so much the cards that correspond with the ones in a bird in the hand being worth two in the centre of the table to win stakes: but not bush as a bird in the hand indicating there are none in the bush!

By getting rid of all your cards you may be able to prevent others taking these stakes if you have no "winning" cards, and at the same time collect a chip from each. Thoughtful play will help you to make the most of a good hand.

For instance, when you get the chance to change the colour, start a suit that will help you to collect on a winning card. If you have the K spades and have the option of changing to spades or clubs, start the spades.

Then again, if you watch the cards you can sometimes clear your hand at the end of a game by playing cards which you know no one else can follow because the card has gone. This leaves the turn with you. You change the suit, and may again produce a card which no one can follow.

It is not uncommon for someone with four cards of different suits to end the game in this way because no one can follow. What makes Newmarket a particularly attractive "gamble" is that you are "never out of it."

However unpromising your hand may look at the beginning, you have a good chance of winning.

Experience will suggest when to change your hand if you are the dealer, or bid for the dealer's hand if he puts it up. Personally, I card never change if I have one winning card—there

Various "schools" vary the method of staking. An added spice is given by forming a "pool" into which the person starting the game by playing the 2 spades pays one chip, and to which any player who must change the suit and cannot do so forfeits one chip.

After a dozen hands the pool may be a sizable one, and it is played for on the last hand of the evening, the player clearing his hand taking the pool as well as the usual one chip from each other player. This gives the man who is badly "down" a chance.

I have seen a player 20 chips down collect a pool of 20, plus 15 chips for a winning card and five chips for clearing his hand on the last card of the evening!

Another "school" allows the dealer to decide the stakes for each hand. Instead of staking one on each card in the centre of the table he may stake two, three, or more, and other players must follow suit. Or he may decide to put one on the A, two on the K, one on the Q, and 3 on the J, or any other variation.

Whatever he does, other players must place the same number of chips on each card. The dealer must stake before looking at his hand, and there is, of course, no guarantee that he will benefit from higher stakes on a particular card.

J. M. MICHAELSON.

Snipper Snapper Girls on their Toes

I HAVE just seen scores of theatre or sport, medicine or girls—fat ones and thin ones, politics.

These classified batches are turned over to other tables where girls look them over in search of clients' names. Some of these girls know thousands of names by memory. I don't know how they do it. But they make mistakes, although rarely.

If you were an air ace, for instance, and you wanted to keep an eye on your headlines—surprising how few of 'em do!—you would pay a clipping agency 21s. per 100 for pieces in the paper about you.

Before the war, one agency used to distribute 35,000,000 clippings a year among their clients. That's the barometer of fame. Now the newspapers are rationed—and there are more clients.

A private collector is paying hundreds of pounds a year for everything printed about Field-Marshal Montgomery.

An amateur historian is collecting everything printed about U-boats.

Even the advertisements are clipped out and sent to a special company for research purposes. Just take an average paper of the 760 cut by one agency. First the girls get busy with scissors in clipping out subject items—the news pars dealing with the

Mary Ellis, the stage star, for instance, subscribed for clippings about herself. In an early batch were details of a Mary Ellis who had married in 1669.

Madeleine Carroll was startled to receive a clipping announcing that she had lost her life in a forest fire—and she asked for more.

A man who had written a learned book took out a clipping subscription because he naturally expected there would be criticisms and notices. The girls examined not only all Britain's newspapers, but also 450 trade and technical journals, on his behalf. They never found one.

Again, an ambitious and hopeful novelist took out a sub. for 100 clippings—and after ten years had received 67.

Sometimes a name appears in the six o'clock edition of a paper and is taken out by the editors of the seven o'clock edi-

DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL

Why not? It's easy—and there's money in it. Jack shows you exactly how to turn out a good comic drawing. This is how he taught himself; now he's teaching you. He's concealing nothing of his art, he's handing you all the secrets on a plate—a new plate every Sunday on this page. And when practice has made perfect, send the results to "Good Morning"—we'll buy anything suitable at the usual rates.

As an introduction to the course, Jack first gives you a few general "tips" on drawing.

"Curved lines in figures (men, women and children) denote jollity; babies are all curves. Straight lines denote severity. For drawing facial expressions, draw from your own expression in a mirror. Always draw a head first and fit hat on after; it will then look as though it really fits. Avoid too many lines on faces; the fewer the better.

"In drawing creases in clothes, draw only the main creases. Avoid drawing all the little ones. Cartoon figures are drawn about six heads high, children three heads high, pretty, attractive girls about 8½ heads high.

"Never allow the background of your sketch to dominate it, your figures are more important. Get 'colour' into your black and white sketches by the use of check patterns, spots or stripes.

"Always draw with the light coming from the left, and remember to clean all pens and brushes after you've used them. Hot water will move all clogged ink from pens and brushes.

"For material for your drawings, keep your eyes open; for ideas for cartoons, keep your ears open; and remember again, 'Practice makes perfect.'"

One life over the Eight

AFTER this war there will be many tales of miraculous escapes. Yet truth is so often stranger than fiction, and there are dozens of chaps alive to-day who just dodged death.

On Broadway, one night, they were watching a great vaudeville act when a chandelier broke loose from the ceiling and came crashing into the stalls.

There was one vacant seat in the crowded theatre, and the chandelier landed pat on it.

A woman was badly knocked about when her cab hit a lorry. A piece of flying glass from the panel sliced off the end of her nose.

The ambulance came tearing along just as the taxi-driver picked up the missing portion of proboscis. A smart bit of plastic surgery saved the lady's beauty.

A man was caught up by a runaway balloon and found himself 4,000 feet above the place he loved best. A farmer saw his predicament, and, being no mean shot, he carefully aimed his rifle at the balloon. The victim dropped into a haystack.

You've all heard skyscraper yarns, but this one is really on police record in New York City. A man was admiring the view from his penthouse on the 70th floor when he over-balanced.

He fell head first into a lorry that was unloading soft mattresses into the building next door. He complained bitterly of a headache when he stepped on to the pavement!

Some years ago, hundreds of passengers had a lucky escape when an electric signal changed from green to red.

A collision was missed by inches, and nobody knew why the signals had gone wrong until they found a dead ant in the signal mast. It had caused a circuit.

Caruso had a wonderfully lucky escape when he was singing in "Samson and Delilah." One of the temple pillars collapsed and missed his skull by the width of a postage stamp. Despite a bruised shoulder, he went on singing, and brought the house down—in a less dangerous sense!

A steeplejack who had no nerves once wagered five bob that he would ride round the rim of the highest stack in town on his bicycle. Not satisfied with this, he balanced himself on the handlebars.

It was a great thrill, and everybody enjoyed it, including the dare-devil, until it was discovered that someone had forgotten to put up the safety net!

Guy Temple

MOVING in the BEST CIRCLES
Recipe; take a circle, add required symbol or symbols, practice till you come to a boil! (This should 'stir' you)



Modest



Placid



Sophisticated



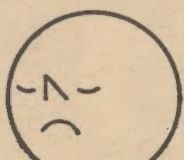
Doubtful



Smile



Pained



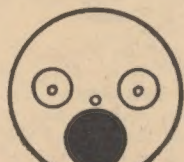
Snobbish



Surprised



Laugh



Terror



Angry



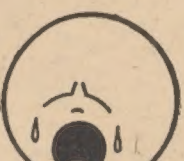
Determined



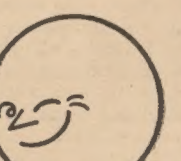
Yawn



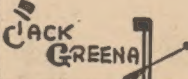
Yell



Sorrowful



Smirk, wink



Practice drawing your own expressions in a mirror—I dare you!

MOVING IN THE BEST CIRCLES.—Here we have sixteen different human expressions. Each is simple to draw. For size, draw round a penny if compasses are not available. You will notice the expressions are formed from the simplest symbols. V's, arcs, circles and lines. One or two hours' study of this plate should enable you to draw any human expression.

AS soon as the holly and the mistletoe and the paper chains are taken down in our home, the family starts to play its most famous game. The name of the game is "Harbinger."

The rules are simple; and though I should be hard put to it to describe them lucidly to a stranger, they are perfectly understood by every member of the family, including the baby.

But that doesn't matter, because no stranger is ever going to be invited to play it!

It all started a long time ago, when our eldest girl, then just turned five, toddled back from the village school and asked her astonished mother if the harbinger had called that morning. Here was a mystery that took some clearing up. What had the child got hold of this time?

We had already noticed that she had a habit of picking up a word as though it were a brightly coloured toy and turning it over and over in evident enjoyment.

The meanings she gave to her chosen words were always her own private and personal meanings, and usually bore no discernible relation to the meanings given to them by the rest of the world.

The identity of the neglectful stranger who had forgotten to call at our cottage was only discovered after the school-mistress had been cross-examined in the lane.

"Harbinger? Why, of course, she means the harbingers of Spring. I was telling the class the other morning to be on the look-out for the first harbingers of Spring."

So there it was. And there it's been in our family ever since. As soon as Christmas is safely passed the game of "Harbinger" starts. The fixture is an annual one. There are no hours of play.

The opening moves are traditional, as well known as a Vincent Lopez opening gambit at chess.

One fine morning about the middle of January the children will lead us in triumph to a hazel bank sheltered from the north and east by a sprawling thicket of bamboos, and, carefully brushing away the litter of dead leaves, will point proudly to the pale green tips of a snowdrop.

This is easy stuff, of course. So is spotting the first burst-buds of pussy willow and the first pair of catkins (the grey knobs, of course, which appear weeks before the catkin lengthens into recognisable shape).

To be on the spot on the morning when the village store puts a bowl of seed shallots in the window is the equivalent of a hard-won thirty runs on a glue-pot wicket at Old Trafford. To be a witness of Bernie, the village storekeeper, opening his case of coloured Carter's seed packets and stringing the Giant Long Pods and the Early Marvels and the Hollow Crowned Parsnips and the Snowball Turnips in a decorative frame to his doorway is very nearly to win the annual jackpot. But not quite.

That reward is reserved, and rightly, I think, for the player who first spots the scrubbed trestle tables and forms being set up under the "Horseshoes" oak tree for the future delight of al-fresco ale-quaffers.

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

COLLECTORS will remember the German inflation stamps of the last war; indeed, there are still shoals of them on the market, and the 10 milliard value can be picked up for a half-penny. They never achieved any popularity, and most of them have made their way into newsagents' monster packets.

An echo comes in this war from Greece. The liberation of the country caused the drachma to collapse and postal rates increased enormously. I reproduce this week two denominations of 500,000 and 5,000,000 drachmae in the pictorial types introduced under German occupation. I do not imagine these Greek inflation stamps will appeal to collectors any more than the German.

THE stamps issued by the German authorities in the Channel Islands have reached the Continent, and according to a correspondent in



"Stamp Collecting," they are being offered for sale to the British troops in Brussels. The set of twelve fetches 100 to 125 francs. And they consist of the Jersey 1d. and 1d., Guernsey 1d. and 1d. on white and blue paper, and the Jersey 1d. to 3d. (set of six) so crudely printed on well-gummed and clearly cut perforated paper that it is by no means easy to tell what the designs are intended to represent, although one of them appears to be Portelet Bay, on the south of the island.

They are described by the dealers as scarce, though there are a large number of full sheets on display. One dealer, according to this correspondent, has a sheet of 100 of 1d. green, first issue of Jersey, imperforate down the left-hand margin, which he describes as "probably unique." No dealer seems to have any used specimens, but this is the common weakness of all occupation issues.

Curiously enough, Belgian stamps for sale in Brussels are, on the whole, dearer than the rest, and many of the more eccentric novelties are expensive in the extreme, particularly the



Orval issues in miniature sheets, which can be obtained perforated or imperforate, surrounded with gold inscriptions, which in turn is surrounded with blue inscriptions, in a sheet about 6 by 4, set into another sheet 10 by 6. Is this philately?

Illustrated here are two recent Belgian charity issues of uncommon design.

THE Polish stamp commemorating the Warsaw rising is to be issued early this year. The design shows two men, one of them with a bandaged head, and a girl fighting on a Warsaw barricade. They are armed with a tommy-gun, a hand-grenade and a rifle. Palls of smoke form the background, while the mermaid of the Warsaw coat of arms hovers above the insurgents. As designs go, this effort is pretty good, and in the faces of the defenders, despair, ferocity and heroism are graphically expressed.

Limited to 100,000, this new issue will consist of one value only, 32l., or 2s. 6d., of which 1s. 8d. is a donation to the Relief Fund for the survivors of the rising. The stamp is engraved and printed from steel plates on white paper without water-mark.

This commemorative is of unquestionable interest to the philatelist, but politically it seems very ill-advised.

VERY little stamp news comes out of China these days, but I have seen recently a charity stamp apparently issued for the benefit of refugees from Japanese oppression. It is in large format, printed in violet, with a scene depicting women and children in flight before the approaching enemy. The original value of one dollar has been raised to 20 dollars by means of a surcharge applied in black.

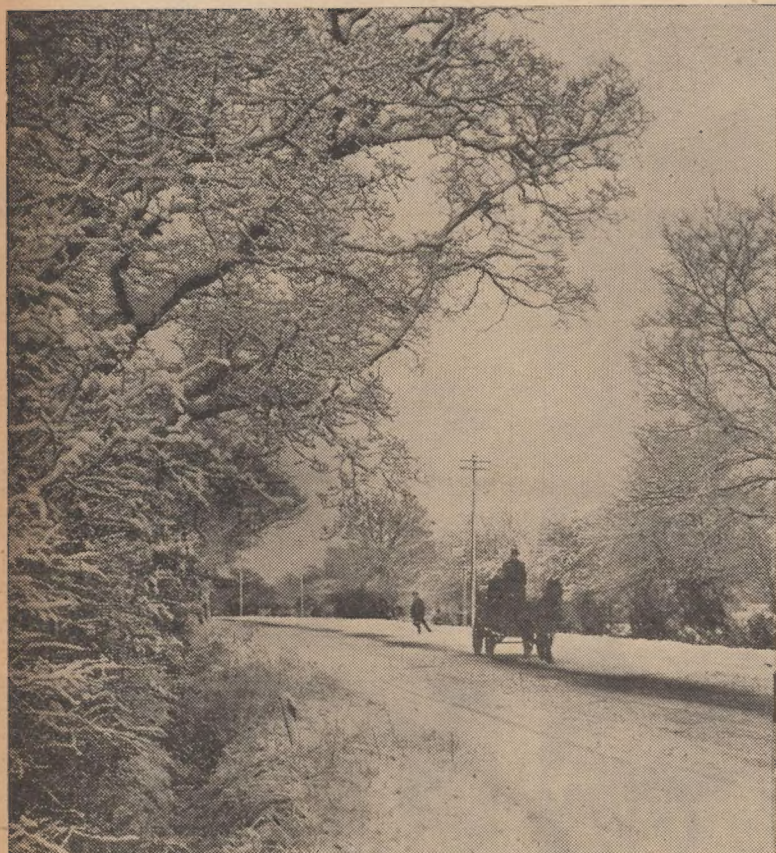
ACCORDING to the New York "Stamps," the Japanese have overprinted and surcharged hundreds of British George VI issues of the various Malay States. These overprints read, "Dai Nippon Yubin," "Dai Nippon—2602—Malaya," "Malaya Military Post Office," and others.

Good
Morning



KING WINTER

"C'mon," said George Greenwell to Harry How, "we're going after some snow pictures." "Why?" said Harry, blowing froth. "Because our public expects it," said George. "Tell 'em to bury their heads in it," retorted the happy pot-walloper, "besides it's cold." "Hot rum and milk, on my expense account," bribed George, "After we've got the pix," he said hastily. "Milk only spoils the rum," grumbled Harry.



George headed the car towards St. Albans and, on the way, stopped to record this scene near Enfield. We've often suspected that somewhere in George there beats the heart of a poet.

So Harry betook himself to Box Hill and chose a strategic position within hailing distance of a hostelry. "No point in being too far away when they open," he told himself, "it only wastes valuable time."



And this is the poet's shot of the lads of the village snowballing by St. Michael's Bridge. He's even managed to get the church in!



Meanwhile, Harry has not wasted his time. He must be the only photographer in Fleet Street who would get a spot of "leg art" into a snow scene. "Made me go goosey, just to look at her," was his comment.

George, returning to the office, took this shot of a milk cart near Cockfosters for Harry's special benefit. "More improving for him than a picture of a brewery," said George. "Ugh," said Harry.

